

2

BLUNDRELLA:

OR, THE
IMPERTINENT.

A

T A L E.

*Hunc neque dira venena, nec hosticus auferat ensis:
Nec laterum dolor, aut tussis nec tarda podagra:
Garulus hunc quando consumet cumque loquaces,
Si sapiat, vitet simulatque adoleverit ætas.*

Hor. Ser. Lib. I. Sat. 9.

To which is Added

The BEAU MONDE,

OR, THE
Pleasures of St. JAMES'S.

A

NEW BALLAD.

To the Tune of, *Oh! London, is a fine Town, &c.*

The SECOND EDITION.



L O N D O N:

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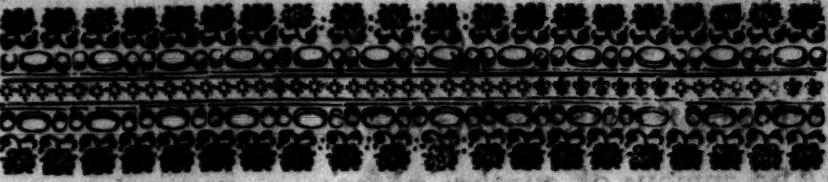
See p. 11, the first 2 stanzas, for a reference to "Miss Polly Peachum" in the Beggar's Opera. (copied in Note book 1, 153.)

The BEGAR'S OPERA

2. The Beggar's Opera
by John Gay
with musical settings by
John Frederick Lampe
and Charles H. H. Parry

Illustrated by George Bell
and the author





BLUNDRELLA:

IMPERTINENT.

T A L E.

HE Tea was drank and ta'en away,
No Soul had any thing to say ;
The Weather, and the usual din
A fresh were going to begin ;
Fashion and Scandal, drain'd before,
On Carpet had been brought once more,
But for *Blundrella*, common Pest,
Of the Polite, the standing Jest.

BLUNDRELLA Idol of the Vain,
And first in the Loquacious Train ;
In all things ignorant and weak,
Yet on all Subjects would she speak ;
And of her own Perfections vaunted,
Still daunting all, herself undaunted ;

A 2 OF

P.C.
June 10
10

Of a most contradicting Spirit,
And envious of another's Merit.
This Creature thus, with saucy Air,
Address *Belinda*, blooming Fair.

M A D A M ! I'm told you sing ; I long
To have the honour of a Song :
Much better bred than to refuse,
Belinda pleads the old Excuse ;
She's caught a Cold, and feigns a Cough,
But that, alas ! won't bring her off ;
Blundrella urges her Request,
Now seconded by all the rest.

A T length, unwilling to appear
Affected, peevish, or severe,
The lovely Virgin tun'd her Voice,
More out of Complaisance than Choice :
While all were with her Musick pleas'd,
But she who had the Charmer teaz'd ;
Who, rude, unmanner'd, and abrupt !
Did thus *Belinda* interrupt :

M A D A M, (said the affected Thing)
Did you ne'er hear *Squallinda* sing ?
I've heard her sing that very Song,
Would charm the whole Seraphic Throng ;
Of all the Singers her for me,
She sings so sweet, so clear, so free !
But, Madam ! can't you sing another ?
That Song, I hope, has got a Brother :

Let us have that which the *Fuslina*
 Sings when she hangs on *Senisino* ;
 Its Name I have forgot, no matter,
 'Tis that which makes the Boxes clatter :
 Or, Madam! but I beg your Pardon,
 There is a Song, that in the Garden
Cuzzoni sings unto her Son ;
 That, or another, 'tis all one.

BELINDA blush'd with Shame and Rage ;
 But yet, unwilling to engage
 So bold a Foe in such a Fray,
 She let the Creature have her Way :
 And, tho' at first she sung her Part,
 And was a Mistress in the Art,
 Pleaded her want of Voice and Skill ;
 Which made *Blundrella* prouder still.
 Who grew insufferably vain,
 And alter'd both her Voice and Strain.

SHE talk'd of Singers and Composers,
 Of their Admirers and Opposers,
 Of the *Cuzzoni* and *Faustini*,
 Of *Handel* and of *Bononcini* ;
 One was too rough, t'other too smooth,
Artillo only hit her Tooth ;
 And *Tamo Tanto* was a Song
 Would give her Pleasure all day long.

FULL loftily she gave her Vote,
 This had no Voice, and that no Throat ;

That *Heideigger* had receiv'd a Letter,
 And we should shortly have a better;
 A Messenger was sent to *Dover*
 To wait the Lady's coming over,
 Who should no sooner hither come,
 But she would strike all others dumb.

SHE likewise grew exceeding witty
 Upon the Consorts in the City;
 'Tis true, she lik'd the *Castle* best,
 But yet she made 'em both a Jest:
 Nor did she much admire the *Crown*,
 But as 'twas t'other End o' the Town.

SHE next of Masters 'gan to preach;
 The *English* were not fit to teach,
Italians were the only Men,
 And ev'n of those not one in ten;
 For she had heard a Lady say,
 Scarce two in Town could sing or play.

W.H.A.T with Composers, Players, Singers,
 Performance, Gusto, Voices, Fingers,
 She ran herself quite out of breath,
 And talk'd the Company to Death.

WHEN haply, with engaging Air,
Eugenio, darling of the Fair,
 Who touches charmingly the Flute,
 Enter'd, and struck *Blundrella* mute;

And kept her Clack-eternal under
For near a Minute, There's a wonder !

EUGENIO must expect his Share ;
For scarce he had assum'd a Chair,
But she, impatient, Silence broke,
And thus th' Eternal Teazer spoke.

NOW for a Tune, my pretty Man !
Nay, you shall play, say what you can :
Ladies ! he's the delightful'it Creature
You never knew, no Soul play sweeter :
Nay, prithee now don't make a Rout,
Here 'tis Egad, come -- pull it out.

WHAT mortal Man could stand the Tryal !
He must consent, there's no denial,
So, for meer quiet Sake, he plays,
While she e'en stifles him with Praise,
And worries the poor Man to death,
Nor suffers him to take his breath ;
But calls for Tune on Tune so fast,
Eugenio is quite tir'd at last,
And begs a Truce upon Parole,
He'll play anon with all his foul.

NOW you must know *Belinda's* Charms
Had giv'n his Heart no small Alarms ;
He was her Servant most avow'd
And happiest of the sighing Crowd.
Sopronia, being her near Relation,
Haply laid hold on this Cessation ;

And, to *Eugenio* drawing near,
 She whisper'd softly in his Ear,
 Told him *Blundrella's* vile Assurance,
 And sweet *Belinda's* mild Endurance.

EUGENIO instantly was fir'd,
 Rage and Revenge his Mind inspir'd:
 He re-assum'd his Spech and Flute,
 And thus *Blundrella* did salute;
 Madam, (said he) before I go,
 Your dear Commands I'd gladly know.

BLUNDRELLA rear'd her Crest aloft,
 And begg'd him to play something soft:
 What think you, Madam, of *AL OM BRA*?
 That's poor dull Stuff, do ye like *SGOMBRA*?
Si Caro, if you please, said she:
 He play'd the Tune of *Children three*.
 She was in Raptures, and intreated
 The self same Tuné might be repeated.

HE chang'd his Airs, and, to her Shame,
 She took ten others for the same.
 In short, *Eugenio* play'd her off,
 And made her all the Circle's Scoff:
 While, stupid she! ascrib'd to Wit and Sense
 The Laughter rais'd by her Impertinence.

With a Picture by George Cruikshank



THE

BEAUMONDE,

OR THE

Pleasures of St. JAMES'S.**BALLAD.**To the Tune of, *Oh! LONDON is a fine Town, &c.*

*H! St. James's is a lovely Place,
Tis better than the City;
For there are Balls and Operas,
And every Thing that's pretty.*

*There's little Lady CUZZONI,**And bouncing Dame FAUSTINA,**The Duce a Bit will either Sing**Unless they're each a QUEEN—**And when we've ek'd out History,**And made them Rival Queens,**They'll warble sweetly on the Stage,**And scold behind the Scenes:**Ob! St. James's, &c.**When*

When having fill'd their Pockets full,
 No longer can they stay ;
 But turn their Backs upon the Town,
 And scamper all away.

The Belles and Beaux cry after them,
 With all their might and main ;
 And *HEID EGGER* is sent in haste
 To fetch 'em back again.

Ob ! St. James's, &c.

Then Hey ! for a Subscription
 To th' Opera, or the Ball ;
 The Silver Ticket walks about
 Until there comes a Call.

This puts them into doleful Dumps,
 Who were both blith and Gay ;
 There's nothing spoils Diversion more
 Than telling what's to pay.

Ob ! St. James's, &c.

There's *POPE* has made the *witlings* mad,
 Who labour all they can ;
 To pull his Reputation down,
 And maul the *Little Man*.

But Wit and he so close are link'd,
 In vain is all this Pother ;
 They never can demolish one
 Without destroying 'tother.

Ob ! St. James's, &c.

And

And there's Miss POLL T PEACHUM lug,
 Our Nobles by the Ears,
 'Till PONDER WELL by far Exceeds
 The Musick of the Spheres.

When lo! to show the Wisdom Great
 Of LONDON's famous Town,
 We set her up above her self,
 And then we take her down.

Ob! St. James's, &c.

And, there's your Beaux, with powder'd Cloaths,
 Bedaub'd from Head to Shin;
 Their Pocket-holes adorn'd with Gold,
 But not a soufe within:

And there's your pretty Gentlemen,
 All dress'd in Silk and Sattin;
 That get a Spice of ev'ry Thing,
 Excepting Sense and Latin.

Ob! St. James's, &c.

And there's your Cits that have their Tits,
 In Finsbury so sweet.
 But costlier Tits they keep, God wot!
 In Bond and Poultney-Street.

And there's your green Nobility,
 On Citizens so witty,
 Whose Fortune and Gentry,
 Arose from LONDON's City.

Ob! St. James's, &c.

We go to Bed when others rise,
And Dine at Candle-light;
There's nothing mends Complexion more,
Than turning Day to Night.

For what is Title, Wealth, or Wit,
If Folks are not Gentle? **Q U A D R I L L E.**
Or how can they be said to live,
Who know not what's **Q U A D R I L L E.**

Ob! St. James's, &c.

F I N A N C I E

Beginning of a Song in 2 parts.

There's pocket-purses bound'd with Gold

These are a people willing:

E R R A T A.

PAge 1. l. 1. for *Blunderella*, r. *Blundrella*. P. 7. l. 10. for you
never knew no Soul play sweeter, r. you ever knew, no Soul
play sweeter. p. 8. l. 7. for *Spech*, r. *Speech*.



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We